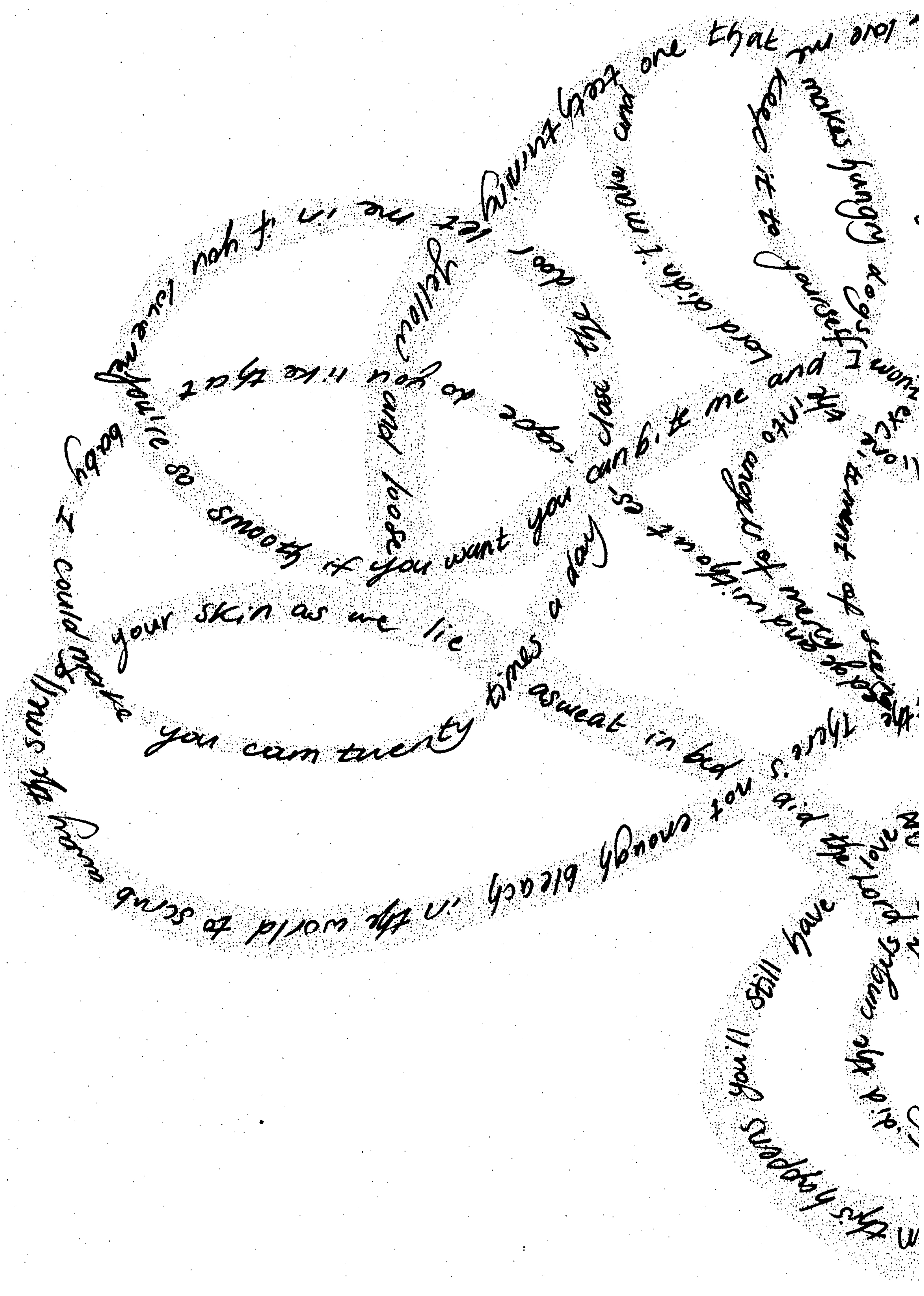
Rabbit Snares

dreamtime issue seven

autumn white poems that writhe

This is the snare,
precious,
with your skin snug and safe inside.



I could taste your skin as we lie asweat in bed

you cam twenty times a day

body you're so smooth if you want you can bite me and

let me in you I love[illegible]

yellow and loose

cock to you like that

close the door

let me [illegible] spot one that

love me

and lord didn't make

keep it to yourself

makes hungry dogs

I worry

the angels of mercy

into the

forgive and don't it's

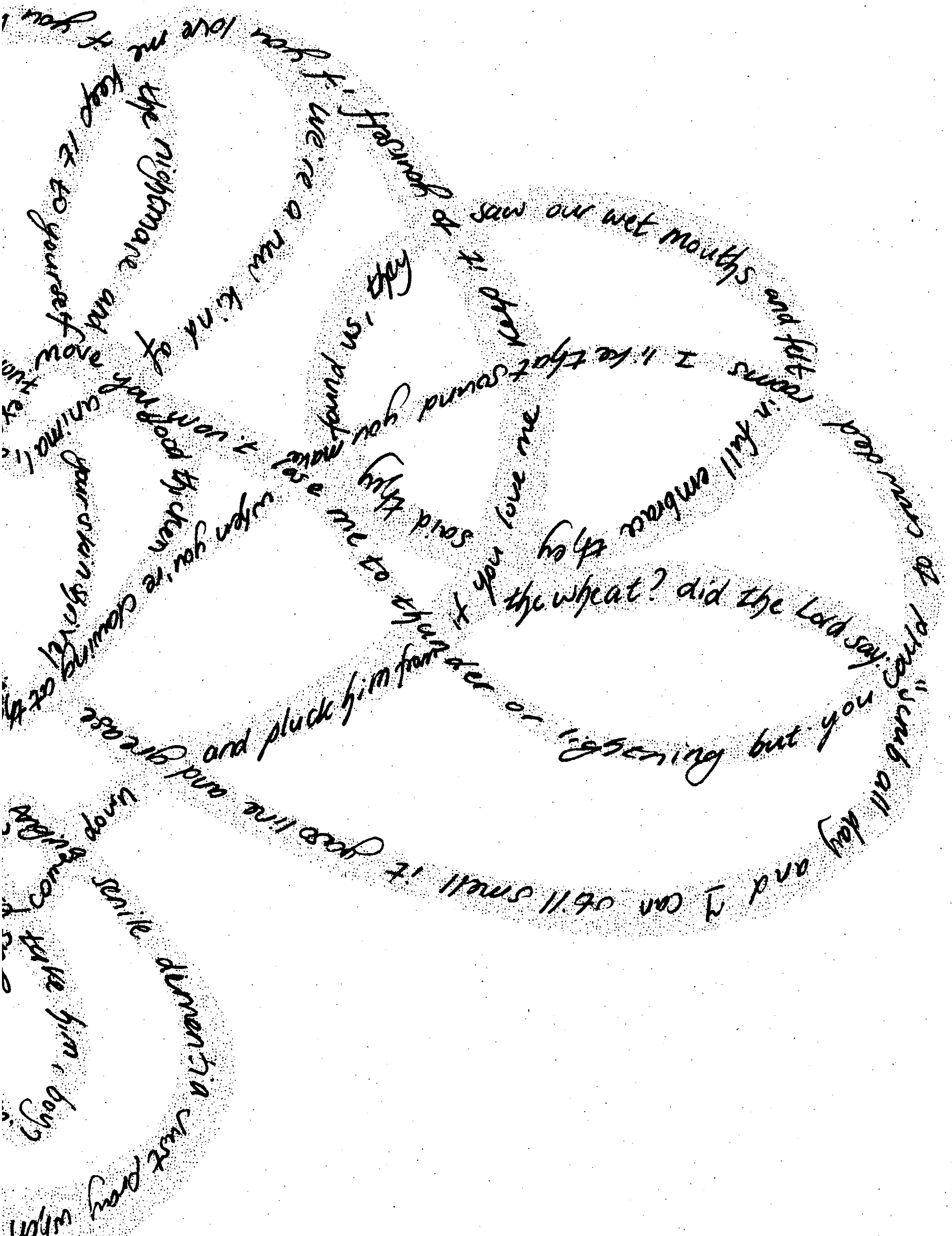
don't want of extinc

there's not enough bleach in the world to scrub away the smell & the [illegible]

there's aid the love

you'll still have the angels

this happens



you, if you love me
keep it to yourself
don't move
the nightmare and move
fascinat it: we're a new kind of animal,
& saw our wet mouths and felt
comes I like that sound you make
kept it
found us, they
said they
if you love me
in full embrace they
to cannot deal
the wheat? did the Lord say: "sing all day and I can smell it.
line and grease
love me to thunder or listening but you could
and pluck him from ther
your skin's
thicken
when you're down
come down
senile dementia
must pray when
take him, boy?

We’re a new kind of animal, love. The lord didnd’t make one like us, one that turns hungry dogs into angels of infinite mercy. If you don’t love me keep it me to yourself.

Close the door and let me in.

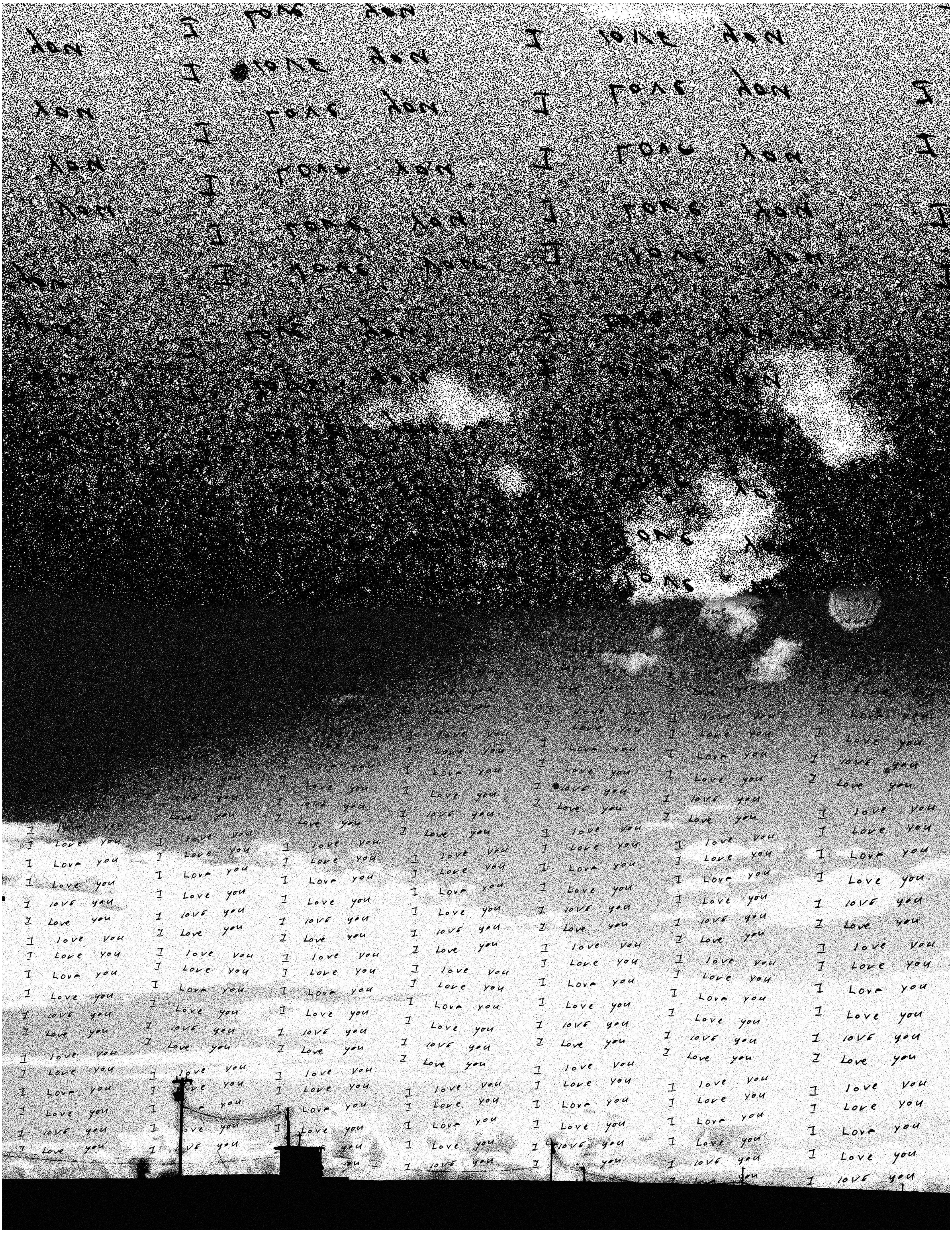
When they found us they saw our wet mouths and sawour full embrace, they said that they would lose us to crowded rooms-- they ran and hid when they saw what we wanted. Why are you scared?

Did you think those angels would come down and pluck you from the wheat?

Didn't the Lord look down on us and say,“Scrub all day and I can still smell it-- gasoline and sweat, gasoline and grease.”If you want you can bite me and I won’t move. He’s the one who beset us with this blessing, this curse, that we might live to watch our skins shrivel and our teeth yellow and crack, that we might lose our minds, senile dimentia setting in and leave us just to pray

that when this happens to you, you’ll have somebody who loves you. When you’re clawing at the edge and without escape, when there’s not bleach and lye enough in the world to scrub away the smells of our skin as we lie asweat and wanting in bed. Thunder and lighning.

I won't move.


I love you

I wept and hold him to my chest and

me that he was and I wept

somebody found it first wrapped in an old tablecloth and nestled in a box from the orchard. He was odd and little, Hard

is it so? I didn't think it would be so fitting so I wept

somebody else's angel

because my angel and first. He was big

me, His

we tell each other secrets my angel tells me

the angel, it's my angel

can be sick. His stoking, but I can be sick.

lampshades so

I keep my angel hidden under bed's floorboards, think He's

and shine like

I wept

sometimes on the he can

trapped in their

silent looking

He seems warm

bright

for years

milky

I can

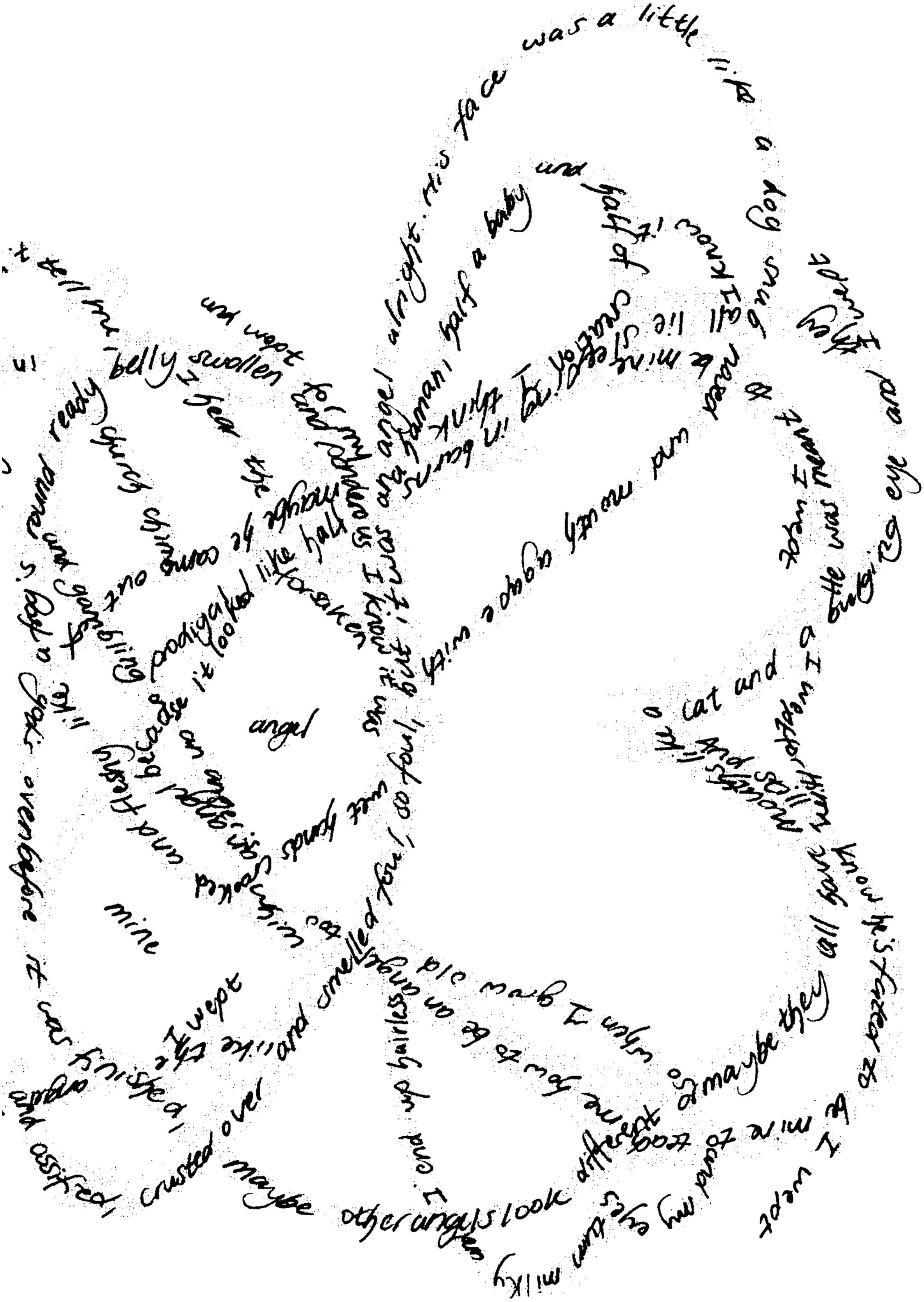
all

I can keep my

lost

his eyes

my



it tell me, belly swollen ready round is a frog a goat's over before it was finished,
and ossified, crusted over
maybe other angels look different
maybe they all gave birth to
know he's fated to be mine to and my eyes turn milky
teach me how to be an angel when I grow old
I wept
I end up hairless angel
I wept like the and smelled foul, so foul, but it was
I know it's an angel alright. His face was a little like a dog snub nosed and mouth agape with
and human, half a baby and half of it
I know it all lie sleeping in barns
I think creation
to be mine
I wept forth a little was meant
I wept and they bulging eye and
mouths like a cat and
And still
I wept in
I fear the church
stinking gambling
maybe he came out the
and my prodigal
prodigal it looked like half forsaken
because an angel on
wet hands crooked and fleshy like
with too
angel
mine

The angel is my angel because I found it first, wrapped in an old tablecloth and nestled in a box from the orchard. He was odd and little, hard and ossified, crusted over and smelled foul, so foul. But it was my angel . His face was a little like a dog, snub nosed and mouth agape andwet hands□ crooked. It was fleshy like a frog's round ready belly before bursting. Swollen and ponderous, my angel. Half man; half a baby and half of god's creation. I think maybe he came out from god's oven before it was finished. Maybe other angels look different, or maybe they all have mouths like cats split up the middle. He was meant to be mine. Maybe all angels have a bulging eye and they all lie sleeping in barns, prodigal and secret. My angel tells me that he was somebody else's angel before he was mine. He was trapped in their stomach for what felt like years, his milky white and glowing like a lightbulb in some quiet dark room. I keep my angel under my bed, little body right beneath mine, curled up like a mirror image. He keeps my bedroom bright and glowing. He sees things even if he can't tell me, I hear the whisper soft weeping of it in my ears. I take him out of his wooden box and hold him to my chest and we tell each other such secrets, his big head bulging and eyes milky white as glass and only I can hear him, hidden under the floorboards. His slient laughing in the warm wet nights of late summer. I know it was the church chime. I hear the forsaken gambling for this angel's whims. I think he's choking, curling his tongue in knots because□ he's sick. Can angels be sick? He smells wrong, so fetid. And it seems to us that when I grow old that I'll be an angel too and weeping. I wept. As I am weeping my eyes grow milky and my limbs stiff and cold like his. We'll be angels. My angel is mine, all mine. I saw us mirrored and wept. I wept. I wept. I wept. I wept and we lit up the room, cold and fetid and beautiful and bright.

You may close this book,
precious,
but you'll only be shutting the trap.
This skin stays with me.

Run, darling, run. Your soul will join the
thousand.

This is a collection of writhing prose poems. I cut out paper snowflakes and wrote short frightening poems along their frail white viens. They are meant to be flipped over, followed and traced, hunted until you are finished. There is no correct beginning and end. I have included "translations" in more conventional prose format, but these are not 1:1 copies of the original poem. Some things are missing, some things are added. You must circle the subject like a hungry dog to be satisfied, my sweet.

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